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SUPPLEMENT TO THE C. L. S. INDIAN BOOKMAN

Pandita Ramabai: A Wonderful Life

I HAVE condensed in this paper, with the permission of Pandita Ramabai, her Pamphlet entitled *A Testimony*, which contains the narrative of the way in which she has been led on step by step until now for many years she has been the head of a great school and home of more than a thousand girls and women at Mukti, Kedgaon, near Poona. The King Emperor of India on New Year's day, 1919, conferred on her the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal. Thousands of women and children ready to perish, rescued by her during the famines of 1896 and 1900, rise up and called her blessed. The late beloved Howard A. Walter, M.A., pays this tribute to her in the *Indian Witness* of May 8, 1918.

'For many years I have hoped for an opportunity of visiting India's most distinguished woman, and seeing the unique work that is being carried on at the institution created and supported by her faith and ability. Recently I was privileged to spend three days at 'Mukti' in Kedgaon, near Poona, where all her work now centres. I was not prepared for the impression that I received of Pandita Ramabai herself, and of her work, which transcended all my anticipations. I would say without hesitation that she represents in her single personality the most remarkable combination of executive, intellectual and religious powers that I know of in recent times in either man or woman. It is no exaggeration to say that among Indian women Pandita Ramabai stands supreme in intellectual achievement up to the present time. I am told that she is the only Indian woman to whom belongs the right to the title of Pandita because of her extensive knowledge of the entire range of Hindu literature in the original Sanskrit. In her early years when she was lecturing on works in Hindu literature before large Indian audiences she was given the title of 'Sarasvati,' the goddess of learning and eloquence. For some time she was professor of Sanskrit in Cheltenham Ladies College in England. She speaks fluently seven of the

vernacular languages of India and has read widely in vernacular literature. Her first book in English *The High Caste Hindu Woman*, written when she was living in Philadelphia, marked a new epoch in the Western knowledge of and interest in the women of India. Of her latest book, *A life of Christ in Marathi*, 23,000 copies of the first edition of 25,000 are now in Hindu homes. But what amazed me most was the work which she has nearly completed at the present time of translating the entire Bible into the Marathi tongue. She undertook this work because, from her intimate knowledge of Hinduism, she felt that into many of the words used in translating Biblical terms in former renderings Hindus often times read unfortunate meanings born of previous religious association. In order to be sure of understanding the original meaning of the Bible she learned both Hebrew and Greek and has published a small edition of an interlinear translation of the Old Testament in which every Hebrew word from Genesis to Malachi is given together with its connotation in five different English translations of the Old Testament. In the same thorough way she had mastered the previous translations of the New Testament. Very much of her time is now given to publishing and literary work. All of the work, including both printing and lithographing, is done by the women on the premises with results that any printing establishment might be proud to own. On the religious side as one learns from reading her own testimony, published in English, and her life by Helen Dyer, there has been a consistent development from the early days of her long and weary search after salvation from sin in Hinduism, which took her on pilgrimages to famous shrines all over India, through her early acquaintance with Christianity, her baptism in 1883, her founding of the Sharada Sadan or Widows Home at Poona in 1889, under a Hindu board of managers with guaranteed religious neutrality, and her venture of faith in the Famine Rescue work in India's two great famines when the Kedgaon Rescue Home was inaugurated, to her breaking of all Hindu association and requiring religious instruction, resulting in the rapid increase of convertions to Christianity and culminating in the great revival of 1905, when the fires lighted at Mukti spread all over India and brought a new glow into

many a cold heart all round the world. The story is too well known to need repetition at length of how the praying band at Mukti grew in a few months from 70 to 700, and in one year prayed for no less than 29,000 individuals by name. Bands went out from Mukti to many other places to conduct evangelistic meetings with similar results, and people coming to Mukti from distant points carried the blazing torch to new centres where the fire of evangelism broke out and began to spread. Like the Orphanage of George Muller and the work of the China Inland Mission founded by Hudson Taylor, from both of which undertakings Pandita Ramabai gained much inspiration, the work at Mukti is entirely supported by faith, funds being received in answer to prayer from all parts of the world. At present while all of the workers at Mukti feel the influence of the world-wide atmosphere of spritual depression caused by the war, yet everywhere one felt the atmosphere charged with the influence of united and persistent prayer, and I came away with the thought and hope that once more at Mukti, in response to the prayers of that Spirit-filled band, a great revival may start which will lift India, and perhaps the regions beyond, above the spiritual depression and the wide-spread evils occasioned by the war, and bring us a long way forward toward the time when His Kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth. Let us pray that it may be so.'

With this prayer and hope the following abridged narrative of the life of Pandita Ramabai, in her own words, is sent forth. J. J. LUCAS.

'My Lips shall praise thee.' Psalm 63 : 3

A Testimony

My father was a native of Mangalore district, but he chose a place in a dense forest on the top of a peak of the Western Ghats, on the borders of Mysore State, where he built a home for himself. This was done, in order that he might carry on his educational work, and engage in devotion to the gods in a quiet place. He used to get his support from the rice fields and cocoanut plantations which he owned. The place he had selected for his home happened to be a sacred

place of pilgrimage where pilgrims came all the year round. He thought it was his duty to entertain them at his expense, as hospitality was a part of his religion. For thirteen years he stayed there and did his work quietly, but lost all his property because of the great expense he incurred in performing what he thought was his duty. So he was obliged to leave his home and lead a pilgrim's life. My mother told me that I was only about six months old when they left their home. She placed me in a big box made of cane, and a man carried it on his head from the mountain top to the valley. Thus my pilgrim life began when I was a little baby. I was the youngest member of the family. My father, though a very orthodox Hindu and strictly adhering to caste and other religious rules, was yet a reformer in his own way. He could not see why women and people of Shudra caste should not learn to read and write the Sanskrit language, and learn sacred literature, other than the Vedas. So he, at the risk of being excommunicated by the Brahmans, made up his mind to teach his wife, my mother, the Sanskrit language.

He found an apt pupil in my mother, who fell in line with his plan, and became an excellent Sanskrit scholar. She performed all her home duties, cooked, washed, and did all household work, took care of her children, attended to guests, and did all that was required of a good religious wife and mother. She devoted many hours of her time in the night to the regular study of the sacred Puranic literature and was able to store up a great deal of knowledge in her mind.

When I was about eight years old my mother began to teach me and continued to do so until I was about fifteen years of age. During these years she succeeded in training my mind so that I might be able to carry on my own education with very little aid from others. I did not know of any schools for girls and women existing then, where higher education was to be obtained. Ever since I remember anything, my father and mother were always travelling from one sacred place to another, staying in each place for some months bathing in the sacred river or tank, visiting temples, worshipping household gods and the images of gods in the temples, and reading Puranas in temples or in some convenient places. The reading of the Puranas served a double purpose. The

first and the foremost was that of getting rid of sin, and of earning merit in order to obtain Moksha. The other purpose was to earn an honest living, without begging. My parents followed this vocation. We all read Puranas in public places. We never had to beg, or work to earn our livelihood. We used to get all the money and food we needed, and more ; what remained over after meeting all necessary expenses was spent in performing pilgrimages and giving alms to the Brahmans. This sort of life went on until my father became too feeble to stand the exertion, when he was no longer able to direct the reading of the Puranas by us. Our parents had unbounded faith in what the sacred books said. They encouraged us to look to the gods to get our support. The sacred books declared that if people worshipped the gods in particular ways, gave alms to the Brahmans, repeated the names of certain gods, and also some hymns in their honour, with fasting and performance of penance, the gods and goddesses would appear and talk to the worshippers, and give them whatever they desired. We decided to take this course of meeting our temporal wants. For three years we did nothing but perform these religious acts. At last all the money which we had was spent, but the gods did not help us. We suffered from famine. The country too, *i.e.*, the Madras Presidency, where we lived at that particular time, had begun to feel the effects of famine. There was scarcity of food and water. People were starving all around, and we like the rest of the poor people, wandered from place to place. We were too proud to beg or to do menial work, and ignorant of any practical way of earning an honest living. Nothing but starvation was before us. My father, mother, and sister, all died of starvation within a few months of each other. My brother and I survived and wandered about still visiting sacred places, bathing in rivers, and worshipping the gods and goddesses, in order to get our desire. We had fulfilled all the conditions laid down in the sacred books, and kept all the rules as far as our knowledge went, but the gods were not pleased with us, and did not appear to us. After years of fruitless service, we began to lose our faith in them, and in the books which prescribed this course, and held out the hope of a great reward to the worshippers of the gods. We still continued to keep caste rules and

worshipped gods and studied sacred literature as usual. We wandered from place to place, visiting many temples, bathing in many rivers, fasting and performing penance, worshipping gods, trees, animals, Brahmans, etc., for more than three years after the death of our parents and elder sister. We had walked more than four thousand miles on foot without any sort of comfort; sometimes eating what kind people gave us, and somtimes going without food, with poor coarse clothing, and finding but little shelter except in Dharma Shalas. We wandered from the south to the north as far as Cashmere, and then to the east, and went to Calcutta in 1878. While staying in Calcutta we became acquainted with many learned Pandits. Some of them requested me to lecture to the Pardah women on the duties of women according to the Shastras. I had to study the subject well before I could lecture on it; so I bought the books of the Hindu law published in Calcutta. Besides reading them, I read other books which would help me in my work. While reading the Dharma Shastras I came to know many things which I never knew before. There were contradictory statements about almost everything. What one book said was most righteous, the other book declared as being unrighteous. While reading the *Mahabarata* I found the following: 'The Vedas differ from each other; Smritis, *i.e.*, books of sacred laws, do not agree with one another; the secret of religion is in some hidden place, the only way is that which is followed by great men.' This I found true of about everything, but there were two things on which all these books, the Dharma Shastras, the sacred epics, the Puranas and modern poets, the popular preachers of the present day, and orthodox high caste men, all were agreed: that women of high and low caste, as a class, were bad, very bad, worse than demons, as unholy as untruth; and that they could not get Moksha as men. The only hope of their getting this much-desired liberation from Karma and its results, *viz.*, countless millions of births and deaths and untold suffering, was the worship of their husbands. The woman has no right to study the Vedas and Vedanta and without knowing them, no one can know the Brahma; without knowing Brahma no one can get liberation, therefore no woman as a woman can get liberation, *i.e.*, Moksha. I had a vague idea of these doc-

trines of the Hindu religion from my childhood, but while studying the Dharma Shastras, they presented themselves to my mind with great force. My eyes were being gradually opened; I was waking up to my own hopeless condition as a woman, and it was becoming clearer and clearer to me that I had no place anywhere as far as religious consolation was concerned. I became quite dissatisfied with myself, I wanted something more than the Shastras could give me, but I did not know what it was that I wanted. One day, my brother and I were invited by Keshab Chandra Sen to his house. He received us very kindly, took me to the inner part of the house, and introduced me to his wife and daughters. One of them was just married to the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, and the Brahmos and others were criticising him for breaking the rule which was laid down for all Brahmos, *i.e.*, not to marry or give girls in marriage under fourteen years of age. He and his family showed great kindness to me, and when parting, he gave me a copy of one of the Vedas. He asked if I had studied the Vedas. I answered in the negative, and said that woman were not fit to read the Vedas and they were not allowed to do so. It would be breaking the rules of religion, if I were to study the Vedas. He could not but smile at my declaration of this Hindu doctrine. He said nothing in answer, but advised me to study the Vedas and Upanishads. New thoughts were awakening in my heart. I questioned myself why I should not study the Vedas and Vedanta. Soon I persuaded myself into the belief that it was not wrong for a woman to read the Vedas. So I began first to read the Upanishads, then the Vedanta, and the Veda. I became more dissatisfied with myself. Having lost all faith in the religion of my ancestors, I married a Bengali Gentleman of the Shudra caste.[1] My husband died of cholera, within two years of our marriage, and I was left alone to face the world with one baby in my arms. I stayed in Bengal and Assam for four years in all, and studied the Bengali language. While living with my husband at Silchar, Assam, I had found a little pamphlet in my library. I do not know how it came there, but I picked it up and began to read it with great interest. It was St.

[1] Bepin Bihari Medhavi, M. A. See *Life of Pandita Ramabai* by Helen Dyer, Page 18, J. J. L.

Luke's Gospel in the Bengali language. As I had lost all faith in my former religion and my heart was hungering after something better I eagerly learnt everything which I could about the Christian religion, and declared my intention to become a Christian, if I were perfectly satisfied with this new religion. My husband who had studied in a Mission School, was pretty well acquainted with the Bible, but did not like to be called a Christian. Much less did he like the idea of his wife being publicly baptized, and joining the despised Christian community.

I was desperately in need of some religion. The Hindu religion held out no hope for me: the Brahmo religion was not a very definite one. For it is nothing but what a man makes for himself. He chooses and gathers whatever seems good to him from all religions known to him, and prepares a sort of religion for his own use. The Brahmo religion has no other foundation than man's own natural light, and the sense of right and wrong which he possesses in common with all mankind. It could not and did not satisfy me: still I liked and believed a good deal of it that was better than what the orthodox Hindu religion taught.

After my husband's death, I left Silchar aud came to Poona. Here I stayed for a year. The leaders of the reform party, and the members of the Prarthana Samaj treated me with great kindness and gave me some help. Messrs. Ranade, Modak, Kelkar, and Dr. Bhandarkar were among the people who showed great kindness to me. Miss Hurford, then a missionary working in connexion with the High Church, used to come and teach me the New Testament in Marathi. I had at this time begun to study the English language, but did not know how to write or speak it. She used to teach me some lessons from the primary reading books, yet sometimes I was more interested in the study of the New Testament than in the reading books. The Rev. Father Goreh was another missionary who used to come and explain the difference between the Hindu and Christian religions. I profited much by their teaching.

I went to England early in 1883, in order to study and fit myself for my life work. When I first landed in England, I was met by the kind Sisters of Wantage, to one of whom I

had been introduced by Miss Hurford at St. Mary's Home, in Poona. The Sisters took me to their Home, and one of them who became my spiritual mother, began to teach me both secular and religious subjects. I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to her and to Miss Beale, the late Lady Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College. Both of these ladies took great pains with me and taught me the subjects which would help me in my life. The instruction which I received from them was mostly spiritual. Their motherly kindness and deeply spiritual influence have greatly helped in building up my character. I praise and thank God for permitting me to be under the loving Christian care of these ladies.

The Mother Superior once sent me for a change to one of the branches of the Sisters' Home in London. The Sisters there took me to see the rescue work carried on by them. I met several of the women who had once been in their Rescue-Home, but who had so completely changed, and were so filled with the love of Christ and compassion for suffering humanity, that they had given their life for the service of the sick and infirm. Here for the first time in my life, I came to know that something should be done to reclaim the so-called fallen women, and that Christians, whom Hindus considered outcasts and cruel, were kind to these unfortunate women, degraded in the eyes of society.

I had never heard or seen anything of the kind done for this class of women by the Hindus in my own country. I had not heard anyone speaking kindly of them, nor seen any one making any effort to turn them from the evil path they had chosen in their folly. The Hindu Shastras do not deal kindly with these women. The law of the Hindu commands that the king shall cause the fallen women to be eaten by dogs in the outskirts of the town. They are considered the greatest sinners, and not worthy of compassion.

After my visit to the Homes at Fulham, where I saw the work of mercy carried on by the Sisters of the Cross, I began to think that there was a real difference between Hinduism and Christianity. I asked the Sister who instructed me, to tell me what it was that made the Christians care for and reclaim the 'fallen' women. She read the story of Christ meeting the Samaritan woman, and His wonderful discourse on the

nature of true Worship and explained it to me. She spoke of the Infinite Love of Christ for sinners. He did not despise them but came to save them. I had never read or heard anything like this in the religious books of the Hindus. I realized, after reading the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, that Christ was truly the Divine Saviour He claimed to be, and no one but He could transform and uplift the downtrodden womanhood of India, and of every land.

Thus my heart was drawn to the religion of Christ. I was intellectually convinced of its truth on reading a book written by Father Goreh, and was baptized in the Church of England in the latter part of 1883 while living with the Sisters at Wantage. I was comparatively happy, and felt a great joy in finding a new religion which was better than any other religion I had known before. I knew full well that it would displease my friends and my countrymen very much ; but I have never regretted having taken the step. I was hungry for something better than what the Hindu Shastras gave. I found it in the Christian's Bible and was satisfied.

Although I was quite contented with my newly-found religion, so far as I understood it, still I was labouring under great intellectual difficulties, and my heart longed for something better, which I had not found. I came to know after eight years from the time of my baptism, that I had found the Christian *religion*, which was good enough for me ; *but I had not found Christ Who is the Life of the religion*, and 'the Light of every man that cometh into the world.'

It was nobody's fault that I had not found Christ. He must have been preached to me from the beginning. My mind at that time had been too dull too grasp the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. The open Bible had been before me but I had given much of my time to the study of other books about the Bible, and had not studied the Bible itself as I should have done. Hence my ignorance of many important doctrines taught in it. I gave up the study of other books about the Bible after my return home from America, and took to reading the Bible regularly. Following this course for about two years, I became very unhappy in my mind. I was dissatisfied with my spiritual condition. I took she Bible and read portions of it, meditating on the message which God

gave me. There were so many things I did not understand intellectually. One thing I knew by this time, that I needed Christ, and not merely His religion.

There were some of the old ideas stamped on my brain: for instance, I thought that repentance of sin, and the determination to give it up, was what was necessary for forgiveness of sin: that the rite of baptism was the means of regeneration: that my sins were truly washed away, when I was baptized in the name of Christ. These and such other ideas, which are akin to Hindu mode of religious thought, stuck to me. For some years after my baptism, I was comparatively happy to think that I had found a religion which gave its privileges equally to men and women; there was no distinction of caste, colour, or sex made in it. All this was very beautiful, no doubt. But I had failed to understand, that we are 'of God in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.' 1 Cor i. 30. I had failed to see the need of placing my implicit faith in Christ and His atonement in order to become a child of God by being born again of the Holy spirit, and justified by faith in the Son of God. My thoughts were not very clear on this and other points. I was desperate, I realised that I was not prepared to meet God, that sin had dominion over me, and I was not altogether led by the spirit of God, and had not therefore received the Spirit of adoption, and had no witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God. What was to be done? My thoughts could not, and did not help me. I had at last come to an end of my self, and unconditionally surrendered myself to the Saviour; and asked Him to be merciful to me, and to become my Righteousness and Redemption, and to take away all my sin. Only those who have been convicted of sin and have seen themselves as God sees them, under similar circumstances, can understand what one feels when a great and unbearable burden is rolled away from one's heart. I shall not attempt to describe how and what I felt at the time when I made an unconditional surrender, and knew I was accepted to be a child of God by adoption in Christ Jesus my Saviour. The Bible says that God does not wait for me to merit His love, but heaps it upon me without my deserving it. I looked

to the blessed Son of God who was lifted up on the Cross and there suffered death, even the death of the Cross in my stead, that I might be made free from the bondage of sin, and from the fear of death, and I received life. O the love, the unspeakable love of the Father for me, a lost sinner, which gave His Only Son to die for me! I had not merited this love, but that was the very reason why He showed it toward me. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins' 1 John iv. 9, 10. What good news—for me a woman, a woman born in India, among Brahmans who hold out no hope for me and the like of me. The Bible declares that Christ did not reserve this great salvation for a particular caste or sex. No caste, no sex, no work, and no man, was to be depended upon to get salvation, this everlasting life,—but God gave it freely to any one and every one who believed on His Son Whom he sent to be the 'propitiation for our sins.' And there was not a particle of doubt left as to whether this salvation was a present one or not. I had not to wait till after undergoing births and deaths for countless millions of times, when I should become a Brahman man, in order to get to know the Brahma. And then, was there any joy and happiness to be hoped for? No, there is nothing but to be amalgamated into Nothingness Shunya, Brahma.

The Holy Spirit made it clear to me from the Word of God, that the salvation which God gives through Christ is present, and not something future. I believed it, I received it, and was filled with joy. I feel I must tell my fellow-creatures what great things the Lord Jesus has done for me, and I feel sure, as it was possible for Him to save such a great sinner as I am, He is quite able to save others. The only thing that must be done by me is to tell people of Him and of His love for sinners and His great power to save them.

My readers will not therefore find fault with me for making this subject so very personal. The heart-experiences of an individual are too sacred to be exposed to the public gaze. Why then should I give them to the public in this way? Because a 'necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!' 1 Cor. ix. 16. I am bound to tell as many men and women as possible that Christ Jesus came to

save sinners like me. I know 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.' Heb. vii. 25.

God has given me a practical turn of mind. I want to find out the truth about everything, including religion, by experiment. I experimented on the religion in which I was born, I did not leave a stone unturned, as it were, as far as I knew; not only in the way of studying books, but of doing myself what the books prescribed. I have seen many others also doing the same thing. I saw them doing everything that was commanded them. The sad end was that I found that they were not saved by it, nor was I. It was a dire spiritual necessity that drove me to seek help from other sources. I had to give up all pride of our ancestral religion being old &c. which is preventing many of my country-people from finding Christ, although they know well that they have not got the joy of salvation. They can never have it except in Christ.

There are, I know, many hungry souls, and may be some of them might be helped by reading this account. I would urge upon such brothers and sisters to make haste and come forward, and accept the great love of God expressed in Christ Jesus and not to neglect 'So great salvation,' which God gives freely. Heb. ii. 1–3. 'Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Acts iv. 12.

Do not therefore lose time through pride or because of any other difficulty. The caste may put you out, your near and dear ones will perhaps reject you and persecute you, you may very likely lose your temporal greatness and riches; but never mind, the great salvation which you will get in Christ by believing on Him, and confessing Him before men, is worth all the great sacrifices you can possibly make. Yes, and more than that, for all the riches, and all the gain, and all the joys of the world, do not begin to compare with the JOY OF SALVATION. On the other hand, of what use are all the riches and greatness of the world, if you are condemned to the second death, suffering indescribable agonies from which there is no relief? 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Mark viii. 36-37.

It would make the story too long if I were to tell all that happened to me after I found Christ. I found it a great blessing to realise the personal presence of the Holy Spirit in me, and to be guided and taught by Him. I am sorry to say that I have failed to obey Him many a time, but He tenderly rebukes and shows me my faults. Many a time He finds it most necessary to punish me in various ways. His promise is: 'I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.' Jer. xxx. 11. I have many failures and am corrected as the Lord sees fit. Since the year 1891, I have tried to witness for Christ in my weakness, and I have always found that it is the greatest joy of Christian life to tell people of Christ and of His great love for sinners.

At the end of 1896 when the great famine came on this country, I was led by the Lord to step forward and start new work, trusting Him for both temporal and spiritual blessings. I can testify with all my heart, that I have always found the Lord faithful. 'Faithful is He that calleth you.' 1 Thess. v. 24. This golden text has been written with the life-blood of Christ on my heart. I have come to believe the Word of God implicity, and I have found out by experience, that IT IS TRUE.

I feel very happy since the Lord called me to step out in faith, and I obeyed. To depend upon Him for everything, for spiritual life, for bodily health, for advice, for food, water, clothing, and all other necessities of life—in short, to realise by experiment, that the promises of God in Phil. iv. 6, 19, and in other parts of the Holy Scriptures are true, is most blessed.

'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' Phil. iv. 6.

I am spared all trouble and care, casting my burden upon the Lord. There are over 1500 people living here; we are not rich, nor great, but we are happy, getting our daily bread directly from the loving hands of our Heavenly Father, having not a pice over and above our daily necessities; having no banking account anywhere, no endowment or income from any earthly source but depending altogether on our Father God, we have nothing to fear from anybody, nothing to lose, and nothing to regret. The lord is our *Inexhaustible Treasure.*

There were only two day-pupils in my school when it was

started a little more than eighteen years ago. No one was urged to become a Christian, nor was any one compelled to study the Bible. But the Book was placed in the library along with other religious books. The daily testimony to the goodness of the True God awakened new thoughts in many a heart. After the first ten years of our existence as a school, our constitution was changed slightly. Since then, every pupil admitted in the school has been receiving religious instruction, retaining perfect liberty of conscience.

Many hundreds of the girls and young women, who have come to my Home ever since its doors were opened for them, have found Christ as I have. They are capable of thinking for themselves. They have had their eyes opened by reading the Word of God, and many of them have been truly converted and saved, to the praise and glory of God. I thank God for letting me see several hundreds of my sisters, the children of my love and prayer, gloriously saved. All this was done by God in answer to the prayers of faith of thousands of His faithful servants in all lands, who are constantly praying for us all.

The most precious truth which I have learnt since my conversion, is the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. I firmly believe as taught in the Bible that the Lord Jesus Christ is coming soon. He will most certainly come, and will not tarry. The signs of the times in the last decade have taught me to be waiting for Him. The hope of the Appearing of our Saviour to take His redeemed ones to be with Him has been a great help to me in my Christian life. I praise the Lord for the great promise of His coming, and His counsel to watch and pray. 'Watch therefore : for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.' Matt. xxiv. 42.

One day, during this month, (July 1917) as I was getting ready for my afternoon work, one of my fellow-workers came to the door of the office, followed by the Collector of Poona. Both told me that His Excellency the Governor of Bombay had come to visit Mukti. I was taken by surprise, for I never thought that the Governor would ever come to such an out-of-the-way place and visit an unpretending institution, which had not earned popularity by great achievements and by courting the favour of the great men of the country. In a few moments my surprise vanished, giving way to perfect pleasure, at find-

ing the Governor so simple and natural in his manner, though he was very dignified and grand. It was delightful to see the greatest man of this Presidency taking kindly notice of every one who happened to come in his way, enquiring with interest of every little detail concerning the work. He seemed to be well acquainted with what was going on here. After inspecting all parts of the Mission, he bade us goodbye and went away. It was a very pleasant surprise, and we shall never forget his visit and kindness to us all. As we did not know about his visit, we had not made any preparations to receive him ; so he saw us as we were ; some walking about, some idly sitting where they were, some doing their work properly, some sweeping the ground and doing other housework, some dressed well and tidily, others in rags with unkempt hair, some giving themselves to their lessons and industry with diligence, and some just looking into the air doing nothing and thinking about nothing particular.

It does one good to be taken by surprise in this way. The one great thought that filled my heart while the Governor was here, and after he went away, leaving a very pleasant impression on our mind, was, that our Lord Jesus Christ is coming some day just in this manner, and those of us who are prepared to meet him will have the joy of being caught up in the air to be with Him.

Dear brother and sister, whoever may happen to read this testimony, may you realise your responsibility to give the gospel of Jesus Christ to my people in this land. My prayer for those readers who have not yet been saved is that they may seek and find Christ Jesus, Our Blessed Redeemer, for the salvation of their souls.

' Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.' Phil. iii : 20.

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